TWO ORIGINAL STORIES FROM THE HIT TV SHOW!

TORCHWOOD

THE OFFICIAL COMIC

TITAN
#6 JAN 2011 $3.99
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THIS ISSUE'S STORIES:

"HELL HOUSE"

Script, Colors and Lettering
Roger Gibson
Pencils, Inks and Tones
Vince Danks

"OVERTURE"

Story Gary Russell
Art John Ridgway
Colors Phil Elliott
Lettering John Workman

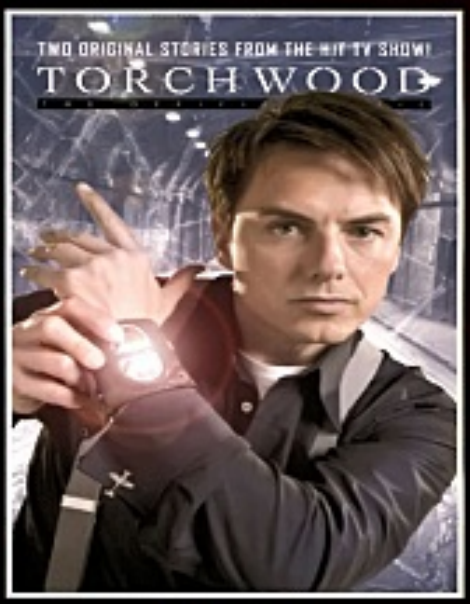
SHORT STORY:

"PHOTO FINISH" PART 2

Short story by Mark Morris
Art by Mike Dowling

PREVIOUSLY: Jack, Ianto and Gwen are on the trail of some mysterious, little blue creatures who are causing trouble in Cardiff. People are posing for photos with the creatures and then are mysteriously atomized... As things get worse, the team realize they need to step up their efforts...

COVER A
Art by Vince Danks



COVER B

EDITOR MARTIN EDEN
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR CHRIS TEATHER **PUBLISHERS** NICK LANDAU & VIVIAN CHEUNG

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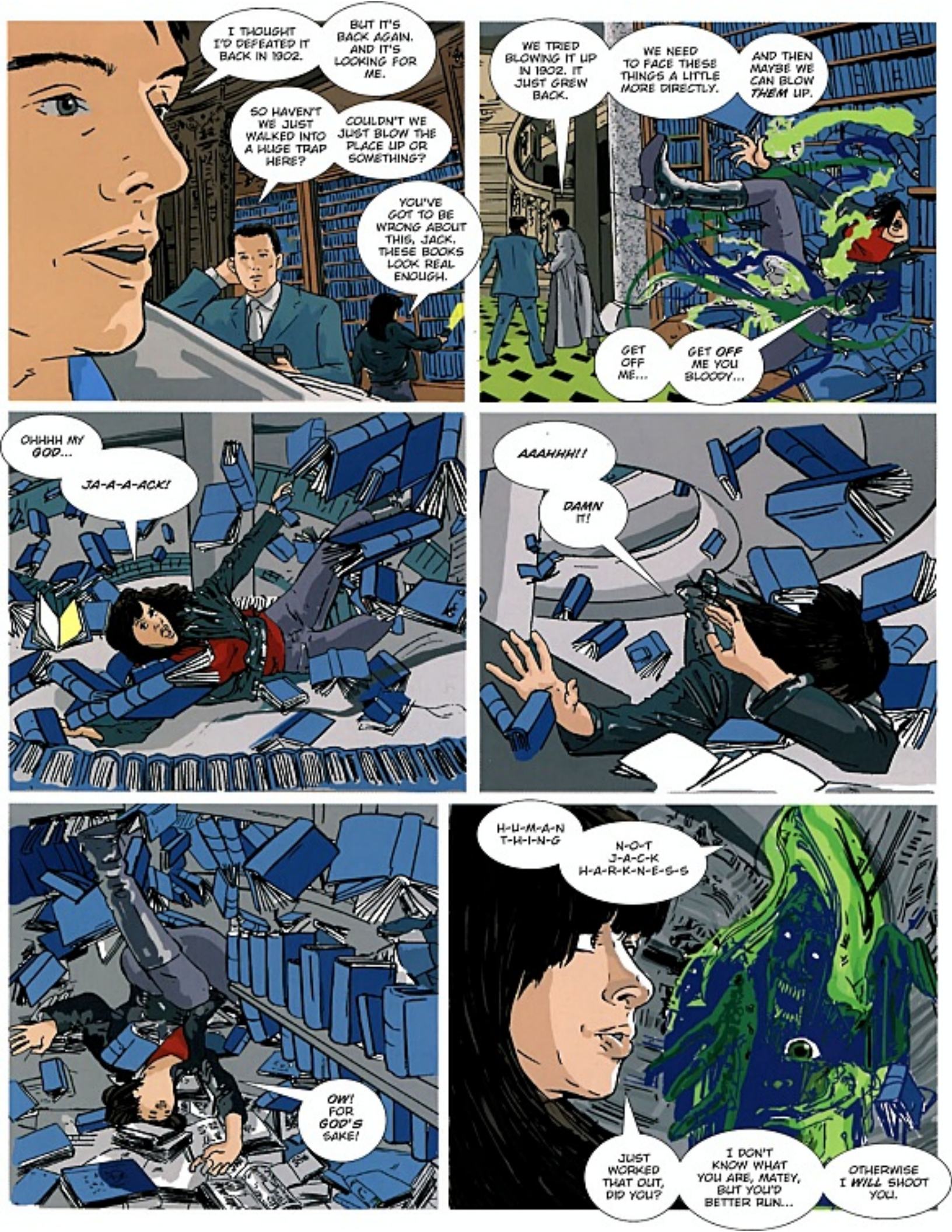
"HE'S FALLING."
"HE'S FALLING FAST."
"AND AS THE SHEER HORROR OF HIS PREDICAMENT CUTS SHREDS FROM MY HEART, SLICING LIKE A COLD KNIFE THROUGH MY GUTS..."
"...ALL I CAN THINK OF IS ONE THING..."
"WILL IT HURT?"
HELL HOUSE
SCRIPT, COLORS AND LETTERING
ROGER GIBSON
CO-PLOTTERS
PENCILS, INKS AND TONES
VINCE DANKS

RAVENHALL. MANOR. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GOTHIC REVIVAL AT ITS MOST EXTRAVAGANT. THIS SHOULD BE A TREAT FOR YOU.
WE'VE GOT THE PLACE ENTIRELY TO OURSELVES.
AND YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT NOBODY LIVES HERE? WHO LOOKS AFTER IT? THIS PLACE IS PRISTINE.
NOBODY LIVES HERE, GWEN. IT'S COMPLETELY EMPTY.
THEN SOMEBODY'S BEEN KEEPING THE WEEDS AT BAY. THIS PLACE COULD HAVE BEEN BUILT YESTERDAY.
I'M NOT VERY HAPPY ABOUT THESE READINGS, JACK.
SOMETHING IN THIS HOUSE IS PUSHING THE DIAL RIGHT OFF THE SCALE.
TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS, GWEN.
AND HOLD YOUR NERVE IN HERE, YOU'LL NEED IT.
SO WE'RE GOING IN, THEN?
YES, IANTO, WE'RE GOING IN. LIVE A LITTLE.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE, JACK? HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?
I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE, GWEN. NO-ONE HAS.
BUT I HAVE BEEN SOMEWHERE VERY SIMILAR TO THIS.
COME ON, JACK, SPIT IT OUT.
I'M MISSING CORONATION STREET FOR THIS LITTLE JAUNT OF YOURS.
THREE MONTHS AGO, THIS WAS ALL FARMLAND.
RAVENHALL MANOR SHOULDN'T BE HERE. IT APPEARED LITERALLY OVERNIGHT.
BUT THAT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE, JACK. EVEN IF THIS HOUSE WERE NEW, IT'D TAKE YEARS TO BUILD.
ARE YOU SURE WE HAVE THE RIGHT PLACE?

THIS IS DEFINITELY THE RIGHT HOUSE, IANTO.
I'VE CHECKED THE LOCAL RECORDS. THERE'S NEVER BEEN A BUILDING ON THIS SITE.
THIS PLACE SHOULDN'T EXIST.
"AND YOU KNOW WE'VE BEEN SEEING THINGS ALL WEEK."
"THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T BE THERE."
"THINGS THAT I'VE MET BEFORE."
"I RECOGNIZED IT AS SOON AS GWEN TOLD ME WHAT SHE'D SEEN.."
"THAT DARK SHADOW IN THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE."
"THE SHAPE THAT YOU GLIMPSE FOR A SECOND."
"BUT WHEN YOU TURN AROUND..."
"THERE'S NO-ONE THERE."
"AND THAT TERROR YOU STILL FEEL IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND WHEN IT'S GONE."
"INVADING EVERY THOUGHT. BRUTALIZING YOUR IMAGINATION."
"I'VE EXPERIENCED IT BEFORE. I KNOW WHAT IT IS..."

TORCHWOOD
ONE PENNY
THE ADVENTURES OF JACK HARKNESS!
Zounds! Jack is in a pickle and no mistake! Those daring dames are out to help him, but this is a man's work! Only the engine of doom can remove these dastardly demons!
Toot toot! Fire up the engine, Jack! Save the damsels!
Thar she blows! Or sucks, more like!
Our hero saves the day again! Maybe the fillies will show their gratitude! But what's this? Maybe a good strong cup of tea isn't on the menu after all! Egad!


I THOUGHT I'D DEFEATED IT BACK IN 1902.
BUT IT'S BACK AGAIN. AND IT'S LOOKING FOR ME.
SO HAVEN'T WE JUST WALKED INTO A HUGE TRAP HERE?
COULDN'T WE JUST BLOW THE PLACE UP OR SOMETHING?
YOU'VE GOT TO BE WRONG ABOUT THIS, JACK. THESE BOOKS LOOK REAL ENOUGH.
WE TRIED BLOWING IT UP IN 1902. IT JUST GREW BACK.
WE NEED TO FACE THESE THINGS A LITTLE MORE DIRECTLY.
AND THEN MAYBE WE CAN BLOW THEM UP.
GET OFF ME...
GET OFF ME YOU BLOODY...
OHHHH MY GOD...
JA-A-A-ACK!
AAAHHH!!
DAMN IT!
OW! FOR GOD'S SAKE!
H-U-M-A-N T-H-I-N-G
N-O-T J-A-C-K H-A-R-K-N-E-S-S
JUST WORKED THAT OUT, DID YOU?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, MATEY, BUT YOU'D BETTER RUN...
OTHERWISE I WILL SHOOT YOU.

WHERE DID GWEN GO?
SHE WAS STOOD RIGHT BY THE BOOKCASE.
HOLD THAT THOUGHT, IANTO. I THINK WE HAVE COMPANY.
H-A-R-K-N-E-S-S
GO FIND GWEN. I CAN DEAL WITH THIS.
JUST SHOOT IT, JACK. IT'S NOT HERE TO MAKE FRIENDS.
YOU'RE READING MY MIND AGAIN.
I'VE GOT THIS.
GO AND FIND HER.
DON'T IMAGINE FOR A MINUTE THAT I'M GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOU.
YOU WANT THIS, YOU LITTLE CREEP? COME ON THEN. LET'S DO THIS.
GWEN?
GWEN, ARE YOU IN HERE?
COME ON, GWEN, WE NEED YOU.
EVERYTHING OUT HERE IS GOING TO...
HELL...

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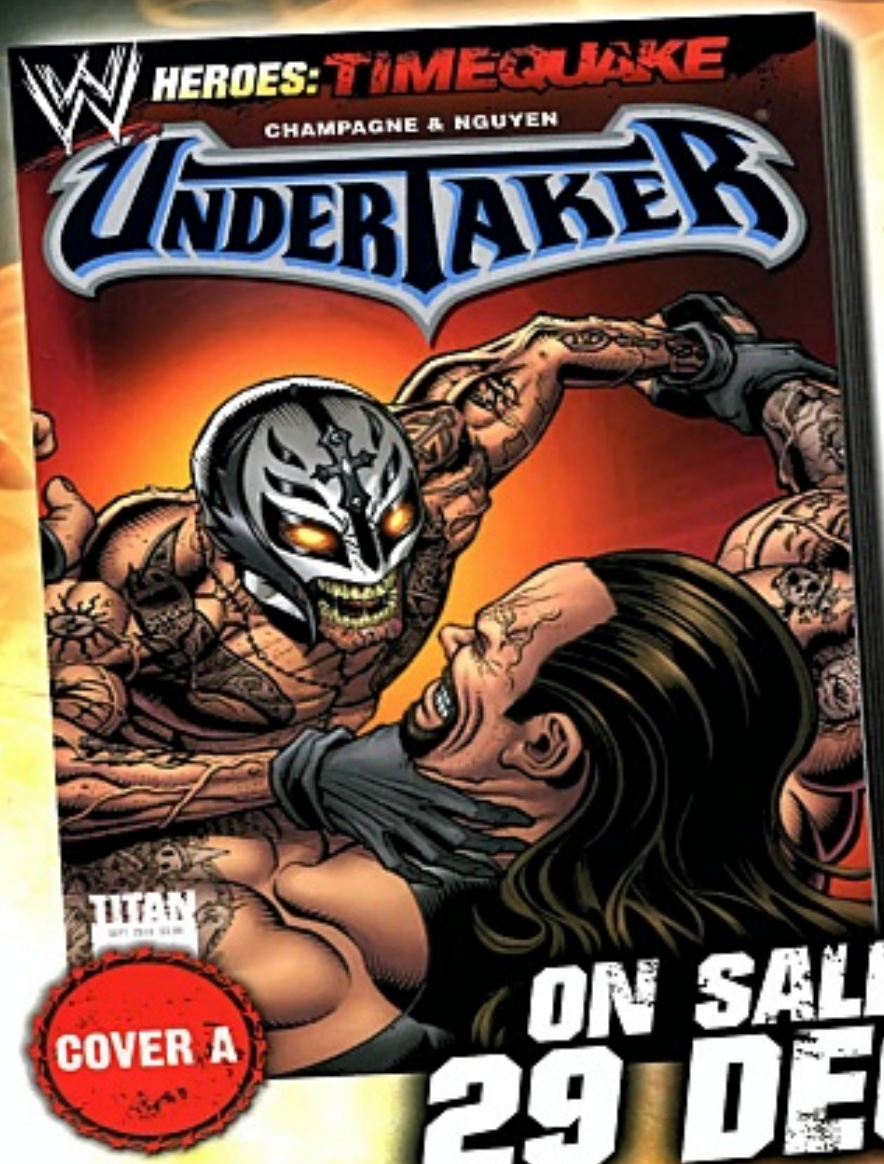

COVER A

COVER B

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AAHHH GOD...
NO... NOT AGAIN...
GET OUT OF MY HEAD...
JACK...
OH MY GOD... JACK!
IANTO?
ARE YOU OKAY THERE?
JACK...
I JUST SAW YOU FALLING, AS CLEAR AS DAY.
FALLING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF A STAIRCASE.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
THEY'RE SCANNING YOU, IANTO.
CONFIRMING MY IDENTITY.
I THINK THEY'RE JUST SURPRISED I'M STILL ALIVE AFTER ALL THIS TIME.
I DON'T KNOW, JACK. IT FELT SO REAL.
IT WAS REAL, IANTO.
THAT'S HOW THEY KILLED ME, THE LAST TIME WE MET.
OR HOW THEY TRIED, ANYWAY.
IT'S MORE THAN THAT, JACK.
THEY DON'T JUST WANT YOU DEAD. THEY WANT TO KEEP KILLING YOU.
YOU'VE SERIOUSLY PISSED THEM OFF, JACK.
THIS ISN'T GOING TO GO WELL, I'M SURE OF IT.
GET YOUR CREEPY HANDS OFF ME, FREAK BOY.
GWEN!
DID SHE JUST FALL OUT OF THAT BOOKCASE?

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU *BEEN*, GWEN?
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS HOUSE. IT DOESN'T WANT *ME*, IT WANTS JACK.
IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES EVERYTHING FEEL LIKE IT'S CLOSING IN ON YOU?
THEY'RE PULLING THE HOUSE DOWN AROUND US. NONE OF THIS IS REAL.
IT'S FOLDING IN AROUND US.
THIS IS NEW. I DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD DO THIS.
COME ON.
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE *FAST*.
EVERY-THING'S CRUNCHING IN!
I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO TAKE US HOME... BACK TO WHEREVER IT IS THEY CAME FROM.
I'M GUESSING THAT WOULD BE BAD?
TRUST ME, THAT WOULD BE VERY, *VERY* BAD.
THAT WINDOW IS GETTING *CLOSER*...
IF WE DON'T *MOVE* WE'RE GOING TO BE *CRUSHED*.
BACK THE OTHER WAY!

CAN YOU HEAR THAT?
IT SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE HOUSE IS ABOUT TO FALL DOWN.
WE CAN STILL GET BACK THAT WAY.
WAIT... WE NEED TO THINK ABOUT THIS.
WE'RE BEING LED HERE. THE HOUSE *WANTS* US TO GO THAT WAY.
SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
STRAIGHT OUT OF THE WINDOW.
WHATEVER WE DO, WE NEED TO DO IT QUICKLY. IT'S ABOUT TO HIT US.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
SHOULD WE GO FOR IT?
LET'S GO FOR IT.
OKAY EVERYONE... WE'LL ONLY HAVE *ONE CHANCE* AT THIS...
RUN!

YOU WERE RIGHT, GWEN. WE COULD HAVE BEEN INSIDE THAT.
IT'S JUST FOLDING UP.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.
SO IS THAT IT?
THEY'VE JUST GONE AND THAT'S IT?
ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THAT?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
THEY'VE TRIED IT ONCE, THEY'LL TRY AGAIN.
WHERE'S THAT MACHINE OF YOURS, IANTO?
"I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY'VE RELOCATED."
FOR SALE

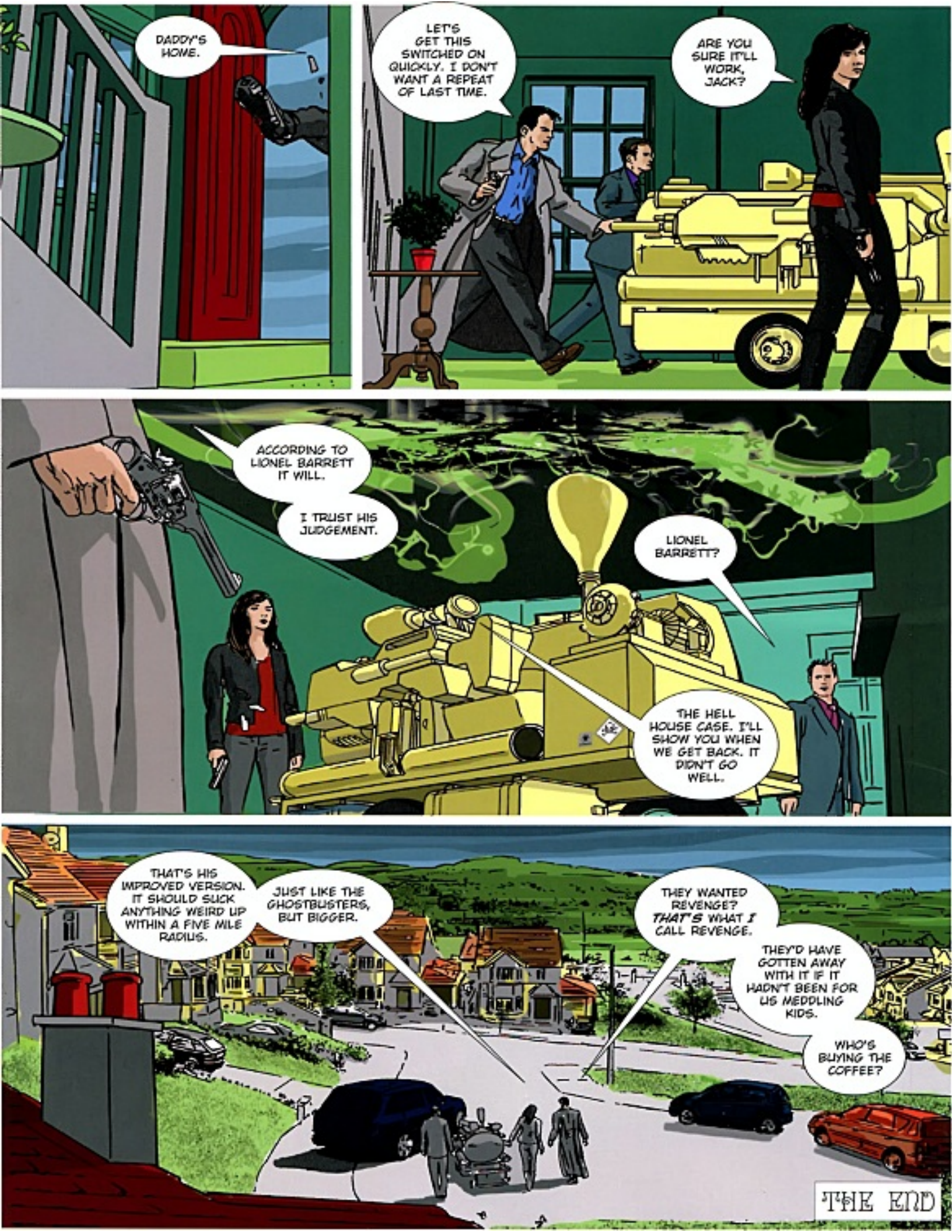
DADDY'S HOME.
LET'S GET THIS SWITCHED ON QUICKLY. I DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF LAST TIME.
ARE YOU SURE IT'LL WORK, JACK?
ACCORDING TO LIONEL BARRETT IT WILL.
I TRUST HIS JUDGEMENT.
LIONEL BARRETT?
THE HELL HOUSE CASE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHEN WE GET BACK. IT DIDN'T GO WELL.
THAT'S HIS IMPROVED VERSION. IT SHOULD SUCK ANYTHING WEIRD UP WITHIN A FIVE MILE RADIUS.
JUST LIKE THE GHOSTBUSTERS, BUT BIGGER.
THEY WANTED REVENGE? *THAT'S* WHAT *I* CALL REVENGE.
THEY'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR US MEDDLING KIDS.
WHO'S BUYING THE COFFEE?
THE END

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PHOTO FINISH

PART 2

WRITTEN BY MARK MORRIS ART BY MIKE DOWLING

The familiar, immaculately suited form of Ianto Jones was waiting for them when they arrived. As the SUV approached, Gwen saw him straighten his tie as if he was here for an interview, and despite her torrid morning she couldn't help but smile.

"It's that one over there," Ianto said, pointing across a snowy patch of debris-strewn wasteland to a shabby building whose rickety wooden walls had been patched with corrugated iron. The thick runnels of rust leaking from the iron patches gave the building the look of a badly-wounded animal which had crawled away to die.

"Any sign of life?" Jack asked.

Ianto shook his head. "Nothing. Quiet as the grave."

Gwen looked around. Ianto's phrase was clichéd but accurate. The words that had once been painted in bold, proud letters on the side of the warehouse – WILSON & SONS INJECTION MOLDINGS – were now faded and flaking. Whoever Mr Wilson and his sons had been, they had not trodden this path to work for a long time. The only sound was the thin whistle of wind through the nettle beds and the soft gulp of the nearby River Taff as it meandered its sluggish course down to the sea.

"Ready to do this?" asked Jack, smoothly drawing his Webley revolver.

Gwen and Ianto nodded and drew their own weapons. Gwen had already filled Ianto in on Elkie's death, and also on her follow-up investigations. In the SUV, a series of hasty phone calls had confirmed what she and Jack had suspected: that all those who had died like Elkie during the recent energy surge – a total of 32 men, women and children – had had their photographs taken with the 'alien' in Cardiff city center that morning.

The three of them moved in a low crouch towards the warehouse, though they were so visible against the snow that Gwen thought they might as well have walked upright. This was the most unnerving part of the job – that not-uncommon feeling of having no idea what they were up against. Who was to say that they wouldn't be vaporized by an alien death ray at any second? She, Ianto and Jack had been through some near-fatal scrapes together, but that didn't make them immune to death. Well, okay, Jack was immune, but she and Ianto were every bit as mortal as the 32 people who had died today.

Her heart was pumping by the time they reached the warehouse and flattened their backs against the wall. Jack jabbed a finger to his left and they scurried through the snow like rats. The hangar-like doors were the obvious way in, but they were looking for something less obtrusive. At the back of the building they found it. Attached to the warehouse was a jumble of prefab offices, all mud-spattered aluminum panels and smashed windows.

Jack moved across to the nearest door and tried the handle. It was locked, but when he put his shoulder to it the lock gave with a crunch which made them all grit their teeth. He pushed the door open and they entered, moving in a practised formation, pointing their weapons into every nook and cranny. However, aside from an empty filing cabinet, a sun-bleached girlie calendar from 1991 and a lot of dust and broken glass, the office was empty.

Jack pointed to another door on the far side of the room and Ianto nodded. Before they could move, Gwen placed a hand on Jack's arm and whispered, "Look."

Jack and Ianto followed the direction of her gaze. In the gloom they could see that the thick layer of dust on top of the metal filing cabinet was shivering slightly.

"Can't you feel it?" Gwen whispered. "Stand still a moment."

They did as she asked. Ianto narrowed his eyes. "It's like the thump of machinery."

"Or a heartbeat," Jack murmured.

Gwen and Ianto looked at him. It was true. The rhythmic shiver they could all feel through the soles of their feet was like a vast, slow pulse.

They moved across to the inner door and Jack slowly turned the handle. This door was unlocked and opened with barely a sound. The three moved into a deeper gloom, and it took their eyes several seconds to adjust. Gwen had the sensation of space and height, and assumed that the door had led them directly into the main warehouse area. She wondered what was blocking her vision, and then a slight breeze caused something to ripple a few metres in front of her and she realized that ragged sheets of something black – cloth or plastic – were hanging from the ceiling, dividing the vast space into a series of smaller ones.

The three of them slipped to their left, silently moving around and between the gently rustling drapes, their heads constantly swiveling, senses alert, guns covering every shadow, every angle.

The pulse sound was closer now, unmoving. Clearly they were closing in on whatever was making it. Just ahead of Gwen, Jack rounded another of the ragged black drapes – and suddenly she saw him halt and an expression of almost gleeful wonder appear on his face.

"Now, aren't you pretty?" he murmured.

She stepped forward, rounding the drape, to stand by his side. The ship in front of them was roughly the size of a circus tent. Its outer skin was both metallic and plasticky, yet unlike any substance that Gwen had ever seen before. It glowed softly orange, like a Hallowe'en lantern, and was studded with thousands of black spiny antennae, which gave it the appearance of a vast sea urchin. From beneath it, a profusion of sinuous metallic tubers writhed and twitched. They could see the ship swelling and deflating as if it was breathing, and feel the deep bass thump of its idling engines.

"Careful, Jack," said Ianto nervously as Jack advanced upon it, his hand outstretched.

Jack, however, ignored him. He tiptoed through the nest of tubers, which probed almost gently at his feet and legs.

"What does he think he's doing?" Ianto muttered.

"Trying to communicate?" ventured Gwen.

Ianto frowned like a disapproving school-teacher. "He'll get himself killed."

"At least it won't be permanent if he does," said Gwen. "If he gets turned to dust, we can just sweep him up, take him back to the Hub and wait for him to... Reconstitute."

Before Ianto could comment, Jack reached the ship and placed his hand on it. Several things happened in quick succession after that.

The ship flared with an inner light so harsh that Jack, Gwen and Ianto were momentarily blinded. Even as they were turning away, several of the ragged black drapes dropped from the ceiling and twined tightly around the three of them. The drapes pinned their arms to their sides, forcing them to drop their guns, and snapped their ankles together so forcefully that they were all yanked off their feet.

Gwen hit the floor hard enough to knock the wind out of her. Even so, she tried to remain alert, twisting her head in an effort to judge where the next threat was coming from. The after-image of the glare still blurred her vision, but vaguely she could see shapes moving towards them, converging out of the gloom. Small, scuttling shapes, vaguely humanoid. Blue. She blinked furiously in an effort to clear her vision.

Slowly the shapes came into focus. There were around a dozen of the tiny, horned monkey creatures she had seen in Elkie's photograph. They were each clad in what looked like one-piece swimsuits, onto which various items of metal had been attached. Gwen guessed that the embellishments were indicative of rank – as it was the creature sporting the most bling that glared at her and released a stream of chittering sound.

Gwen caught Ianto's eye. Constrained by the eel-like drapes, he could only shrug.

"Sorry," said Gwen. "I don't understand."

The creature chittered again, then stretched out a three-toed foot and prodded her in the side.

"Hey!" she protested.

Peripherally she became aware that something was happening to the ship. She turned her head and saw that at ground level a circular opening was widening, like a yawning mouth or the blowhole of a whale. A tongue-like ramp appeared and unraveled, shimmering with iridescent light. Another of the simian creatures emerged from the ship and loped down the ramp, a silver box with various root-like protuberances clutched between its tiny blue hands.

'GWEN HIT THE FLOOR HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK THE WIND OUT OF HER. EVEN SO, SHE TRIED TO REMAIN ALERT, TWISTING HER HEAD IN AN EFFORT TO JUDGE WHERE THE NEXT THREAT WAS COMING FROM...'

Gwen stared at the device, unable to work out whether it had been manufactured or grown. The alien with the bling chittered to the newcomer with the box and once again prodded Gwen with its foot. As the alien advanced on her, raising the box and pointing it in her direction, Jack began to thrash in his bonds like a stranded fish.

"Hey, you lot!" he yelled. "Hey, let me go, you ugly little chimps! Let me go now or I'll rip your heads off! I'll kill every last one of you!"

"Calm down, Jack," Gwen muttered, but he continued to thrash and writhe, to scream insults and threats at their captors.

The alien in charge chittered agitatedly and pointed at Jack. The others flocked to do his bidding, swarming around Jack and picking him up as if he weighed nothing. As soon as they had stood him upright, several of his eel-like constraints stretched up and attached themselves to the ceiling. With Jack now fixed in a standing position, the alien

with the box turned his attention from Gwen, pointing the device straight in Jack's direction.

"What the hell is that thing?" asked Ianto nervously.

"I think it's the camera they took their pictures with," Jack said.

Gwen raised her eyebrows. "Doesn't look much like a camera to me."

"That's because it isn't," said Jack. "They must have used a perception filter to disguise it – and one of their own kind as a human photographer. I've gotta say, this semi-organic technology is pretty impressive."

"So... I know I'm going to regret asking this, but... What is that thing, really?"

Jack waggled his head from side to side. "Educated guess? I'd say a DNA reader stroke energy converter."

"And by energy, you mean..."

"Human energy. Life force. I think it's how they power their ship."

Ianto was appalled. "So this is nothing but a... pit-stop for them?"

"They were pulled through the Rift," said Jack. "They're probably a long way from home."

The box-like device in the creature's hand began to purr like a cat. It glowed and pulsed, valves opening and closing in its sides.

"Ooh, that tickles," said Jack.

There was a whirr from the box and it coughed out a glossy square bearing Jack's likeness.

"Now, are you quite sure you got my best side?" Jack said.

The alien ignored him. Turning away from Jack, it marched back up the ramp and into the ship.

"What now?" Gwen asked.

"Now I guess they'll feed the results into the ship's computer and, er... Suck me dry. Should be an interesting experience."

The words had barely left his lips before he grunted, his face creasing in pain.

"Jack!" cried Ianto.

Jack's head snapped back and he cried out in real agony this time. To Gwen's horror, his body suddenly seemed to spark, to bleed flickering points of golden light, which swirled and spun around him. What had happened to Elkie was now happening to Jack. The light began to proliferate, to gather around him in a feeding frenzy, buzzing and dancing. Jack screamed as Ianto shouted his name and struggled vainly against his bonds. Gwen closed her eyes and wished she could close her ears too as Jack's screams became unbearable...

Suddenly one of the aliens staggered, then fell to its knees. Gwen opened her eyes in time to see a second alien topple over. The others too were stumbling and holding their heads as the pulsing thump of the ship's engines began to quicken. When Gwen turned to look, she saw that the ship was pulsating, its metallic orange skin stretching like an over-inflated balloon.

Three more monkey creatures collapsed and lay still. Jack's body was all but obscured by a blanket of frantically jittering light now. As the pulsating of the ship became a roaring blur of sound, it started to give off terrific waves of heat and a terrible stench like boiling blubber.

Suddenly something inside the ship burst. Gwen felt her bonds loosening, melting like toffee. She peeled them away – they had the consistency of rotting seaweed – and tossed them aside in slimy handfuls. Beside her Ianto was doing the same.

The light was fading from around Jack now. Barely conscious, he sagged forward as his own constraints turned to mush. Gwen and Ianto rushed over and caught him just as they gave way altogether. He raised a dazed head. "Whahappen?" he slurred.

"I think you gave it a fuel overdose," Ianto shouted. "We need to get out of here!"

Dragging Jack between them, Gwen and Ianto ran through the group of dead and dying aliens, heading back the way they had come. The black drapes were decomposing now, dripping like strips of melting tar from the ceiling. The two of them manhandled Jack through the door and into the prefab office.

It was shuddering, as if in the throes of an earthquake, as the reactor in the ship went violently critical. The filing cabinet toppled with a crash, throwing up clouds of dust, and the calendar fell off the wall. Choking and sweating, Gwen and Ianto burst out into the daylight and hauled Jack through the snow towards the SUV.

They were halfway there when the ship exploded. There was an eruption of orange light, and a hideous shriek that must have been audible all the way to Newport, before Jack, Gwen and Ianto found themselves flying, propelled from behind by a mighty breath of foul-smelling air. They crashed to the ground in a filthy, coughing heap, debris raining down all around them. A few seconds later, bruised and battered, the three of them raised their heads.

"Everyone okay?"

Jack groaned and rolled onto his back. "I'll live. Again."

Ianto sat up, blood from a cut dripping into his eye. "We need a better clothing allowance in this job," he said.

Gwen stood shakily and turned. There was nothing left of the warehouse or the alien ship. Only a huge smoking crater in the ground.

"Interesting bunch," said Jack, appearing at her shoulder and patting snow from his greatcoat. "Symbiotically linked to their own technology." He rolled his head on his neck, his muscles cracking. "Well, that was a hell of a morning's work. I think we've all earned ourselves an extended lunch break. My treat."

Seemingly none the worse for his ordeal, he strode off towards the SUV. Gwen and Ianto exchanged a long-suffering look and wearily limped after him.

"IT'S AUGUST, 1941, AND I'M BACK IN CARDIFF AT THE BEHEST OF HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.
"WELL, I SAY 'GOVERNMENT'--MORE SPECIFICALLY, ONCE AGAIN I APPEAR TO BE A FREELANCE AGENT FOR TORCHWOOD CARDIFF."
SORROW OF MONDAY, IN DARKNESS I THOUGHT OF YOU...
"WELL, I SAY 'FREELANCE'--THAT IMPLIES THEY PAY ME. THEY DON'T. THEY JUST CHOOSE NOT TO DISSECT ME OR INVESTIGATE ME TOO CLOSELY IF I SAY 'YES.'
"SO I'M UNDERCOVER. DOWN THE PITS NEAR TREHERBERT. I THINK THAT'S TORCHWOOD'S IDEA OF A JOKE. I'M PRETTY SURE THE ALIENS THAT HAVE COME THROUGH THE RIFT AREN'T DIGGING FOR COAL.
"INSTEAD, TONIGHT I'VE BEEN TOLD THEY'RE SOMEWHERE IN TIGER LILLIES, DOWN BY THE DOCKS. SO HERE I AM...WONDERING WHICH OF THE 180-ODD PEOPLE IN HERE ARE REALLY WELL-DISGUISED ALIENS.
"AND NOW SHE'S BELTING OUT TROUBLE--THE SONG THEY TOLD HER NOT TO SING."
...MY SOUL, ALONE DECIDES TO TAKE THE JOURNEY, AND SOON THERE'LL BE TEARS...
"YOU CAN SEE THE AUDIENCE GETTING RESTLESS. IT'S A SONG WITH A BAD REPUTATION--SOME OLD ROMANIAN GYPSY SONG, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AND, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, ANYONE WHO SINGS IT ENDS UP COMMITTING SUICIDE.
"NOT MANY SINGERS WOULD DARE GO FOR IT LIKE SHE IS, AND THE CROWD ARE GETTING UGLY.
"OKAY, HADN'T SEEN THAT ONE COMING!"

OVERTURE

A CAPTAIN JACK ADVENTURE

• WRITER - GARY RUSSELL • ARTIST - JOHN RIDGWAY
• COLORIST - PHIL ELLIOTT • LETTERER - JOHN WORKMAN

"BIGGEST DRAW-BACK TO LIVING THROUGH THE SECOND WORLD WAR AGAIN IS THAT 'COS I'M OUT THERE ELSEWHERE, I CAN'T GO ALL MILITARY.
"AND MINERS TEND NOT TO BE ABLE TO CARRY PISTOLS.
"BE NICE IF TORCHWOOD COULD HAVE FOUND A WAY 'ROUND THAT RATHER ARCHAIC LITTLE LAW. STILL, IT'S JUST DOWN TO ME, MY CHARM, AND MY BOYISH GOOD LOOKS.
"ALL OF WHICH SEEM TO BE LACKING IN THOSE GUYS."
NNNoOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
NOT NICE, GUYS.
WHO ARE YOU? AND HOW DO I GET YOU TO GO HOME?
VREEEEEEEEEEE!
GREAT-- AND AGAIN, THE CARDIFF BLITZ KICKS OFF AT THE WRONG MOMENT.

COME ON, COME ON, GET A MOVE ON.
IT'S THE JERRIES AGAIN. QUICK, GET AWAY FROM THE SHIPS! YOU'VE GOT TO GET--
KABOOM!
PLEASE ...HELP ME...
DON'T SHOOT...
DEAR GOD... NO...
NNNooooOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

AT LEAST WE KNOW YOU'RE DEFINITELY NOT ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS.
THIS SHOULD HOLD YOU IN...
WITH ALL THOSE LIGHTS ON, THE CLUB SHOULD BE THE BEST TARGET GOING IN THE AIR RAID...
SMASSH!
GOTTA MOVE...!
RECKON YOU'VE GOT A BETTER AIR FORCE THAN THE BRITS? TRY PROVING IT...
OUT OF MY WAY!
KABOOM!

"I REALIZED THEY MUST HAVE REPLACED THOSE MUSICIANS EARLIER TONIGHT.
"ALL PART OF THEIR MASTER-PLAN TO INFILTRATE CARDIFF.
"THEY WERE MERCILESS. NO ONE WAS SAFE.
"BUT WHY WERE THEY HERE? JUST RANDOM SLAUGHTER OR SOMETHING MORE...
"AND THEN I BEGAN TO THINK...
"...WAS IT ME?
"THEY SEEMED TO BE LOOKING FOR ME... BUT WHY?

"THE COMMODORE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS..."
CRASH!
"THEN AGAIN, THE COMMODORE NEVER LIKES ANYTHING I DO...
"MAYBE IF HE'D SORTED ME OUT WITH A GUN PERMIT, I WOULDN'T BE BRINGING THIS TO HIS DOOR..."
GREAT. TORCHWOOD CARDIFF GONE HOME FOR THE NIGHT.
THANKS FOR NOTHING, GUYS.

KERASH!
A REINFORCED STEEL AND CONCRETE ROLLING DOOR--I KEEP TELLING THEM, BUT NO ONE LISTENS.
BUT I WANTED THEM TO GET IN, HARKNESS.
COMMODORE, THEY'VE BEEN KILLING THE PEOPLE UP TOP.
IT'LL BE BLAMED ON THE BLITZ AGAIN. WE'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT, JACK. YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS.
WHAT'S GOING ON, COMMODORE?
THEY'VE COME TO GET SOME PROPERTY OF THEIRS.
I DON'T LIKE YOU, "CAPTAIN" JACK HARKNESS. NEVER HAVE.
BEEN RUDDY EASY TO LET THESE FELLAS RID THE CROWN OF YOU.
I'M SENSING A "BUT"...
ONE THING TORCHWOOD TRAINING TEACHES YOU IS TO HAVE AN OPEN MIND. AS COMMANDER OF THIS BASE...
...IT ALSO GIVES ME ACCESS TO SEALED ORDERS...
...AND I HAVE TO OBEY THEM, REGARDLESS OF MY PERSONAL ...FEELINGS...
YOU HAVE "FEELINGS?" I LEARN SOMETHING NEW EVERY DAY.
PACKAGE ON THE BENCH, "CAPTAIN."
JACK HARKNESS
NOT TO BE READ UNTIL THE EVENING OF AUGUST 7 1941

"DEAR COMMODORE, GIVE THIS TO JACK TONIGHT (HE'LL BE BRINGING GUESTS, TRY NOT TO SHOOT THEM). IT'LL SOLVE YOUR IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS. OH, AND BY THE WAY, BENJAMIN THE BAKER? BENT AS A 60 BOB NOTE. BUT I THINK YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT. LOTS OF LOVE, JACK. CALIFORNIA. KISS. KISS. KISS."
AND ?
I SUGGEST YOU OPEN THE BOX BEFORE OUR ALIEN CHUMS GIVE UP WAITING AND EAT US FOR SUPPER. OR THEY WORK OUT I CAN'T ACTUALLY SHOOT THEM ALL, BECAUSE THIS GUN ONLY HAS SIX BULLETS, AND THERE'S EIGHT OF THEM.
HMM...
OPEN SESAME...
SHOOSHH
"NOT SURE HOW I KNOW THIS, BUT SOMETHING INSIDE MY HEAD JUST TOLD ME THIS IS NEW YEAR'S EVE ON THE PLANET ZOG. IN RELATIVE TIME 2067. WOW.
"COURSE, THE BANNER OVER THE BAR GIVES IT AWAY. IS THIS MY PAST OR FUTURE? THE AGENCY NICKED A LOAD OF MY MEMORIES, SO I'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING. BUT IT'S KIND OF COOL, ANYWAY."
2067
SO IT'S ALL ABOUT THE SONG ?
IT'S A SONG WE ACCIDENTALLY LET FALL THROUGH THE RIFT YEARS AGO. IT'S BECOME FAMOUS ON EARTH – PEOPLE BELIEVE IT CAUSES ACCIDENTS, SUICIDES, THAT KIND OF THING. BUT IT DOESN'T – IT JUST ACTIVATES OUR SLEEPER AGENTS.

DARE I ASK YOU WHY YOU HAVE SLEEPER AGENTS ON EARTH?
KEEPING AN EYE OUT– IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT ONE DAY EARTH WILL HAVE A GREAT AND BOUNTIFUL EMPIRE THAT WILL CRUSH MANY OTHER RACES AS EASILY AS WE CRUSH A BUG. WE SAW IT AS .. INSURANCE.
I CAN'T GO BACK TO EARTH AND WARN TORCHWOOD. IT'LL CAUSE MORE THAN A FEW TEMPORAL HICCUPS.
USE THIS RIFT-SAFE THOUGHT SAFE.
"RIFT-SAFE THOUGHT SAFE"-- YOU GUYS SURE HAVE A WAY WITH WORDS.
ALL YOU NEED DO IS TELL YOUR LOCAL TIME SELF TO SING THE SONG TO THEM A SECOND TIME WHEN THEY SHOW THEMSELVES ON AUGUST 7TH, 1941.
WE KNOW THEY DO THIS, BECAUSE THAT'S WHEN THE TIME FLUX BEGINS. THAT WILL SWITCH THEM OFF.
WHEN YOU SAY, "SWITCH THEM OFF..."?
IT WILL MAKE THEM SAFE, KEEP EARTH SAFE FOR GOOD. IT'S A SONIC FAILSAFE, THAT IS ALL.
ONE DAY WHEN EARTH IS READY, MORE PEACEFUL, AND MORE PREPARED TO ACCEPT THAT THERE IS MORE LIFE OUT HERE, THEN WE'LL GO BACK. I LOOK FORWARD TO THAT DAY. UNTIL THEN...
JACK? HARKNESS?
SPEAK TO ME?

I HATE SINGING IN PUBLIC.
WHAT ?
SORROW OF MONDAY, IN DARKNESS I THOUGHT OF YOU, MY SOUL ALONE DECIDES TO TAKE THE JOURNEY, AND SOON THERE'LL BE TEARS...
I... I HAD NO IDEA YOU COULD ACTUALLY SING...
YEAA RAGHH
NO! NO!!!
...BUT YOU WERE PITCH PERFECT...
YEAARAGHH
WHATEVER YOU DID, HARKNESS, WELL DONE.
NO... NO, IT WAS SUPPOSED TO SWITCH THEM OFF... NOT KILL THEM ...DEACTIVATE THEM... PUT THEM BACK TO SLEEP.
I WAS TRICKED...
I'VE BEEN USED. HERE AND IN THE FUTURE OR THE PAST OR WHEREVER THAT OTHER ME WAS.
"SOMEONE DIDN'T WANT US TO DISCOVER THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THOSE ALIENS AND WHY THEY WERE HERE...
"AND ONE DAY SOMETHING ELSE WILL BE COMING IN THEIR PLACE... I HOPE WE'RE READY...
"...BECAUSE I DON'T THINK THEY ARE VERY FRIENDLY..."
THE END

TRON

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